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TERMS.  
For the Semi-Weekly Paper, \$5 per annum.  
For the Weekly Paper, \$3 per annum.

POETRY.



**SWEET MEMORIES.**  
Oh, these memories that throng,  
So closely round my heart,  
That if its hidden trembling strings  
They seem to form a part;  
They're woven in with every dream  
That haunts my soul's dimming rest;  
And nestle like a golden beam  
Deep in my troubled breast.

Oh, these memories that crowd  
And cluster in my brain,  
That bind me gently to the past  
And make me grasp again,  
The blooming wreath my childhood knew,  
Ere change had come, or woe,  
When with each fair and sweet wish drew,  
Each blossom crowned with light.

Sweet memories, ye gently now  
Are whispering to my ear;  
I feel your light upon my brow,  
And tears of rapture start;  
Ye tell me of the sunlit hours,  
That flow so gently on;  
And singing birds and fragrant flowers,  
That bloom'd without a thorn.

Ye tell me of the young—the fair,  
Who flitted around my path;  
I trace amidst their clustering hair  
A bright and glorious wreath;  
I listen to the warbled notes,  
That tremble on the tongue,  
Till through my soul the music flows  
Like strains by angels sung.

Oh, stay, these gentle memories,  
Within my heart be born,  
And softly hush the beating heart,  
And dry the tear that starts;  
Oh hold, ye gentle memories,  
Your empire in my breast,  
Till death shall close my weary eyes,  
And take me to my rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHILDREN.

I may begin with the question of Henry IV. of France, when found by an ambassador at rump with his children—"Are you a father?" If you are, we may go on with the game; if not, you must pass to the next article. A curious thing it is, this same fact, that children in general are only interesting in the eyes of those who are parents, while brats in particular are held as pests, by all but their immediate father and mother.—Some light-headed author has compared the rush for children, which takes place at the conclusion of family dinners, to the incursion of the Goths and Vandals. Perhaps it is all true, that children out of place are not agreeable; but is anything agreeable that is out of place? Children, abstracted from the homely details of their management, and the anxiety which they always occasion—are a delightful study—a study, I maintain, fitted alike to engage the speculation of the philosopher, and the affections of the benevolent mind. I cannot, I must say, form the idea of a man of extended views and sympathies, who does not like children.

Among the grown-up part of mankind, there is always abundance of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. This fact I consider in reference to the circumstances in which men are placed, and I plainly conceive that where existence is only to be supported by an unceasing struggle, and where self-love is so perpetually receiving injury, it is needless to expect that men should be much better than they are. In children, however, we see no possibility of any rivalry; they are a harmless little people at this moment, and we run no chance of being jostled by them in our course of life, for many years to come. There is, therefore, no reason for envy, hatred, or uncharitableness with them. On the contrary, in our intercourse with children, our self-love is undergoing a perpetual compliment. The appeal which they are constantly making from their own silently confessed weakness to our tacitly acknowledged strength, soothes and delights us. A fellow-creature lies unconsciously abandoned to our mercy—unconsciously unable to resist. It asks for nothing; for it cannot; but it does not expect harm; there is the charm. It imputes to us none of our original sins, but seems to take it for granted that we are blameless and stainless, like itself. It puts forth its little arms to us, with a perfect confidence in our gentler and better nature, and we feel it impossible to be evil when we are so sincerely understood to be good. We give, then, the love and faith that are demanded, and press the offenceless type of our original and perfect nature, with all the hues and all the odors of paradise rife around it, to our heart of hearts.

The whole external deportment of a child is delightful. Its smile—always so ready when there is no distress, and so soon recurring when that distress has passed away—is like an opening of the sky, showering heaven beyond. Tales are told of murderers, who, after revelling in the blood of many adults, were at length arrested by the smile of a child, and suddenly became innocent because they were supposed to be so. The grasp of its little hand around one of our fingers—its mighty little brow when excited by the playfulness of its nurse—its manful spring upon the little wool-pack legs that refuse to bear its weight—are all traits of more or less pleasantness. Then the eye of a child—who can look unmoved into that "well undefined," in which heaven itself seems to be reflected? Whether the gem be of sweet pellucid blue, or of the mysterious and unsearchable black, what meanings unexpressed, unintelligible, reside within; the germ of a whole life of feelings and ideas. Human nature is familiar in all its bearings to most men; yet how novel does every symptom of it appear, as first shown forth by a child! Every little imperfect function, every step in the attainment of physical power, every new trait of intelligence, as they one by one arise in the infant intellect, like the glory of night, starting star by star into the sky, is hailed with a heart-burst of rapture and surprise, as if we had never known anything so clever or so captivating before. The point thus gain-

side the unconscious babes, whose fate hangs all upon his, and who yet reproves not, in their silent innocence, the guilt which has exposed them to misery, weep himself into good resolutions and into comfort.

One of the chief sources of a parent's pleasure in contemplating children, lies in the prospect, which it is impossible to avoid regarding their future lives. No parent ever contemplates an unhappy fate for his child; all the look forward is sunny as its own sweet eyes—stainless as its uncorrupted heart. There is even hardly any parent who rests content without hoping that his children will be as fortunate and as happy as himself. They must be much more so; they must reach heights of distinction far above any he had ever presumed to expect for himself. To the parent who has occasion to lament his unhappy circumstances in life, what treasured consolation there is in these fond imaginations! The father, as he broods moodily over enterprises brighted, and a spirit confined for immediate bright, to some narrow scene of action unworthy of its energies—one casual glance alights upon the fair brow of his child, the bitter present gives way to the glorious future, and all his own griefs are repaid by the prospective happiness of his offspring. The mother, who looks back to the comforts of an early home, unhappily exchanged for a scene of care and sorrow, feels, as she bends over her unconscious infant, her former happiness arise in the prospect of that endearing being, and is for the time consoled. It is this habit of forming flattering anticipations respecting the fates of our children, that renders the loss of them in infancy so very severe a calamity. In reality, the life of a child is of little value; it has as yet cost little, either in care or expense; and, unless in particular circumstances, it holds but an unimportant place in society. Yet it is in this very want of all probability of its value, that the poignancy of the loss chiefly lies. We lament it, not at all for what it might have been, if it might have been, if it had been spared. We often find that the loss of an infant is lamented with a more violent and unpassable grief than that of an adult; and this is simply because in the one case, the damage is ascertained, and forms but one distinct idea; while, in the other, it is arbitrary, vast, beyond imagination. A child is, in one sense, a dangerous possession; it is apt to warp itself into the vitals of our very soul; so that, when God rends it away, the whole mental fabric is shattered. It should always, then, be borne in mind, that life is the more uncertain the nearer its commencement, and that the beings we are disposed to appreciate most are those whom we are most apt to lose.

The feelings of a parent, regarding a child in dangerous sickness, are beautifully expressed in the following poem, which will surprise many readers into tears:—  
Send down the winged angel, God?  
Amidst this night so wild,  
And bid him come, now where we watch,  
And breathe upon our child.  
She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,  
And stiveth not to weep?  
How gentle and how good a child  
She is, we know too well,  
And dearer to her parents' hearts  
Than our weak words can tell.  
We love— we watch throughout the night,  
To aid, when need may be;  
We hope—and have despaired at times,  
But now we turn to Thee!  
Send down thy sweet-voiced angel, God!  
Amidst the darkness wild,  
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,  
And heal our gentle child?  
When a scene like this is closed by death,  
What an extinction of hopes! No parent, it may be remarked, ever thinks he can spare a child. Whatever be the number of his family, he is almost sure to be afflicted to extinction a certain degree by the loss of any individual infant; for simply this reason, that every one has established its own claim to affections, by some peculiar trait of its appearance or character. It is a lovely and admirable trait of human nature, that the parent is rather apt to appreciate the lost child above all the rest. The impossibility of a realization of his hopes regarding that infant, just makes all those hopes the brighter, so that the twilight of the child's dead existence is more splendid than the broad day of its living life. The surviving babes are all more or less connected with the common place of this world—the homeliness of nature; but that fair-haired innocent, which went to its place in the blush and dawn of its faculties, what might it not have been! Then, the stirring grief of parting with that face that was our own—that more than friend, though, but an infant—to break off all the delightful ties of prattling tenderness, that had bound us even in a few months to that gentle form for ever! A sorrow like this is long in being altogether quenched; it comes in soft gusts into the heart for many future years, and subsides us in the midst of stronger and sterner feelings. The image lives always before us in unchanging infancy and beauty and innocence; it ever seems to be walking in our eyes as of yore, with its bright curling hair, and its light-some carol; and we long for heaven, that we may enjoy that portion of its pleasures—a restoration of that mortal angel which has been sent away.—Edinburgh Journal.

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